

Knuckles

Season 1, Episode 5

Reno, Baby Transcript

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detail

Knuckles and Wade arrive in [Reno](#), Nevada for the National Bowling Championship.

("Damn It Feels Good To Be A Gangsta" by Geto Boys playing)

(motorcycle rumbling)

Whoa...

(shimmering)

♪ *Damn, it feels good to be a gangsta* ♪

(Wade laughs)

♪ *A real gangster-type player plays his cards right* ♪

We made it!

♪ *A real gangster-type player never runs his mouth* ♪

♪ *'Cause real gangsterized players don't start fights* ♪

Knuckles: What is this wondrous metropolis?

♪ *Showing all his boys...* ♪

[Reno](#), baby. Reno.

♪ *Gangster-type players don't flex that* ♪

♪ *'Cause real gangster-like players know they go* ♪

This is where it's all gonna go down.

♪ *'Cause gangsterized play as...* ♪

The Taj Mahal of Ten-pins.

The Belle of the Balls.

♪ *'Cause real gangsta-type players don't...* ♪

The [National Bowling Stadium](#).

♪ ♪

Your battleground.

You're damn right.

(*song ends*)

(*"The Warrior" by Scandal playing*)

♪ Oh... ♪

♪ Oh-oh-oh ♪

♪ *Who's the hunter? Who's the game?* ♪

♪ *I feel the beat call your name* ♪

♪ *I hold you close in victory* ♪

♪ *I don't wanna tame your animal style* ♪

♪ *You won't be caged from the call of the wild* ♪

♪ *Shooting at the walls of heartache* ♪

♪ *Bang bang* ♪

♪ *I am the warrior* ♪

♪ *Well, I am the warrior* ♪

♪ *And heart to heart, you'll win* ♪

♪ *If you survive* ♪

♪ *The warrior* ♪

♪ *The warrior* ♪

♪ *Shooting at the walls of heartache* ♪

♪ *Bang bang* ♪

♪ *I am the warrior* ♪

♪ *Well, I am the warrior* ♪

♪ *And heart to heart, you'll win* ♪

♪ *If you survive* ♪

♪ *The warrior* ♪

♪ *The warrior* ♪

(*song ends*)

(*casino chatter*)

(*slot machines beeping*)

Wow. This is some fancy place.

Did you see the sign? (*Sighs*)

Kevin James is headlining here!

The mall cop?

That means you know it's top-notch.

Well, well, well.

Look who it is.

We literally planned to meet here at this exact time.

It's not at all surprising.

Wow. This place is nice.

And apparently, the spa is to die for.

So what do you say, Knuchles? Wanna get a massage later?

Yes! My body is literally one giant muscle!

You know what, I'm gonna hit up a bar, dude.

Get myself a Wandarita.

Hey, Knucks. That's what I call a margarita.

That sounds fun. I want a Wandarita!

Wade: No.

No. There will be no Wandaritas.

There will be no massages.

We're on the run. We need to keep a low profile.

Hey, Wade. That's fine if you and Knuckles wanna just slip into this sea of dorks.

We're gonna go have some fun.

Wade: We're not dorks.

Wendy: Let's go.

We're cool!

Yeah, we're mad cool!

Wendy: Come on, let's go drink.

Wanda: Later, dorks!

Unbelievable.

Isn't it crazy that we're related?

(*excited crowd chatter*)

(*"Let Me Entertain You" by Robbie Williams playing*)

(*whooshing*)

It's him.

♪ I'm a burning effigy of everything I used to be ♪

Be cool.

♪ You're my rock of empathy, my dear ♪

♪ So, come on, let me entertain you ♪

(crowd cheering)

(clang)

(coins rattling)

♪ Let me ♪

The confidence...

♪ Entertain you ♪

(coins clattering)

(amazed chatter)

♪ Life's too short for you to die ♪

♪ So grab yourself an alibi ♪

♪ Heaven knows your mother lied ♪

The swagger...

♪ Separate your right from wrongs ♪

♪ Come and sing a different song ♪

♪ The kettle's on, so don't be long, mon Cher! ♪

♪ So, come on, let me ♪

♪ Entertain you ♪

(laughing)

croupier: Well played! Big winner!

(chuckling)

♪ Let me entertain you, let me entertain you! ♪

♪ So, come on, let me ♪

Let my fans have them.

♪ Entertain you ♪

(chips fluttering)

♪ Let me entertain you ♪

(song fades out)

Whoa.

It's like...

It's like we could be twins.

I mean, he's so...

No, no. (*Laughs*) Can't talk to him.

What is wrong?

Look at him. My dad is so cool.

I wouldn't even know what to say to him.

Well, I do. Come, Wade Whipple.

I have an idea.

(*whoosh*)

(*slot machines beeping*)

You sure this is gonna work?

(*Knuckles*)

(*on phone*) *I will not let you down, my friend.*

It was known far and wide by all Echidna that Knuckles has a way with the words.

Now, confidently approach the one they call Pistol Pete and say...

Father Whipple.

Hello there. So, what are we signing today?

Balls, pins, body parts?

If you want a signed photo, I'm afraid it'll run extra.

(*stiffly*) It is I, Wade Whipple, your long-abandoned... progeny.

(*sighs*)

Wade?

(*sighs*) My God.

It is you.

I know what you must be...

Thinking.

That I'm here to slay you and take my rightful place on the throne.

But no.

I come here today to make peace.

To repair the paternal bond that you so callously tore apart many decades ago.

I see. (*Chuckles*)

Are you feeling alright, dear boy? You...

You seem a little different.

(*stiffly*) Yes!

I have grown into a powerful adult man with many great skills and accomplishments to my name.

Have you now?

Many human women have taken notice of my feats of strength.

Yes. Yes, I get that.

But, tell me, wh... why are you talking like this?

(*stiffly*) This is extraordinary.

It's like looking at a mirror image of myself.

Of course, I am more muscular and mighty, and you are frail and sickly.

But...

The resemblance is uncanny!

You truly are a stunning creature!

mascot: Oh, sick costume, bro!

Are you here for the mascot convention, too?

What team are you with?

My tribe? The Echidnas!

mascot: Oh, right. They play in...

Albuquerque, right?

Go, 'Chidnas!

(*clears throat*)

(*normal*) You know what?

I'm just gonna speak for myself.

(*gentle music playing*)

I came here 'cause I missed you, Dad.

I was hoping you'd missed me, too.

Well, of course I missed you, son.

So, what are you doing here?

Did you come to watch your dear old dad knock over some pins?

Oh, no. I'm here to roll.

In the tournament? You?

(*haughty laughter*)

(*nervous laugh*)

Like father, like son, eh?

(*both laugh*)

Well, may the best man win.

I'm just kidding.

(*both laugh*)

It's good to see you, son. I'll tell you what.

After we bowl, let's catch up on lost time, shall we?

Yeah! Of course. Yes!

Yes?

(*both laugh*)

(*louder laughter*)

W-We laugh the same!

(*both laugh*)

(*upbeat music playing*)

Well done, Knuckles. You have not lost your touch.

(*rumbling, brakes squeal*)

(*intimidating music playing*)

(*doors open*)

(*engine cuts*)

(*doors shut*)

(*doors creak*)

(*muffled groaning*)

(*door creaks*)

(*banging*)

(*door slams*)

(*construction noise*)

(*muffled grunting*)

♪ ♪

(*panting*)

Where are we?

I don't know.

But it definitely looks like the type of place you take people you're about to murder.

(*door creaks, slams*)

(*dramatic music playing*)

Clearly, there's been a bit of a misunderstanding here.

(*Mason laughs nervously*)

Um, you seem mad at us, but it's all good.

We're on the same team.

(*torch whooshing*)

(*dramatic crescendo*)

You know what? Forget I said anything.

(*whooshing*)

You failed to bring me the Echidna.

(*robot whirring*)

And I don't deal well with failure.

(*pained beeping*)

(*clang*)

(*dramatic music playing*)

(*drops torch*)

You know, we've got a lot in common.

You wouldn't be able to tell by the look of this place, but not so long ago, I used to work for GUN as well.

Though it wasn't called GUN back then.

It was a military shadow ops program, run by a difficult... and very brilliant roboticist.

Wait, so... you worked for Robotnik.

I did.

Until the day he met a little blue alien and lost his big bald mind.

After that, GUN tried to erase all connections with Robotnik, including me.

Sent a team to take me out.

That didn't work out so well for them.

So I went underground, starting selling my creations in the black market.

And before you know it, I built an empire.

Come on, man, just give us a little more time!

We can catch Knuckles. We will catch him.

Why should I believe you?

Willoughby: Because you're right.

We do have a lot in common.

You want to know why I betrayed GUN?

Because they betrayed me first.

I dedicated my entire life to studying extraterrestrials.

Then San Francisco happened, and I saw a threat unlike anything this world had ever seen.

So I joined up for one reason.

To protect this planet.

But soon, I discovered instead of neutralizing the aliens, we let them play house in Montana!

Trusting them as they shed quills with the destructive power of a thermonuclear weapon every time they go out for a jog!

I tried to warn the fools in charge, but instead of listening, I was the one who was neutralized.

Taken out of the field, shoved behind a desk, wasting my career.

Ordering gift cards and planning fake weddings!

So, believe me, I want GUN to suffer as much as you do.

And if you give us one more chance they will. (*Sighs*)

(*music crescendos*)

(*picks up torch*)

♪ ♪

Oh, man. Oh, my God.

♪ ♪

(*torch whooshing*)

I still require the echidna to power my newest creation.

(*foreboding music playing*)

(*exhales*)

But the price has changed.

Now, your only reward will be your lives.

♪ ♪

(*upbeat music playing*)

Welcome to the Bowling Tournament of Champions.

I'm Gary N. Sinclair III Esq.

And I'm Dylan Beagleton.

And we are here in sunny [Reno](#), Nevada, which is so close to Hell, you can smell the sparks.

(*crowd cheering*)

And you know what? Today we have a bunch of amazing competitors getting ready to collide in a game of champions.

That's right, it's poor man's baseball bowling.

Dylan: Yeah!

Beautiful day for bowling, I gotta say.

Dylan, what do you think?

I think it's a great day for bowling.

And actually, to be clear, the weather has no effect on this sport because we're inside.

(*laughs*) You see? This is why I love working with you.

You're a real details man.

We're gonna get into those details throughout today.

But first, let me tell you a little bit about the competition.

We have 32 teams, each have won an individual contest in the Central Northwest Regional District of the good old US of A.

These are hardened competitors from the greatest part of our country who are ready to bring it.

Dylan: Now, Gary.

Yes.

In the sport of bowling, it doesn't get any bigger than this.

And I understand that you've been doing this for quite a while.

That's right.

I actually started off on ESPN *Veinticinco*, and I'm hoping to get down to ESPN *Seis*.

Wow. Well, Gary, I've been told that you have a very famous catchphrase, and this crowd looks like they want to hear it.

(*laughs*)

How about let it fly?

Alright, I will.

Let's get ready to roll some... bowling balls!

That's... That's popular?

Uh, well, yeah.

No, I-I've seen people like, you know, say it.

("Scarface (Push It To The Limit)" by Paul Engemann playing)

♪ ♪

(applause, crowd cheering)

crowd: Pistol Pete! Pistol Pete!

♪ Push it to the limit ♪

♪ Walk along the razor's edge ♪

♪ But don't look down, just keep your head ♪

♪ Or you're finished ♪

Dylan: Wow! Would you look at those outfits?

They are not real cowboys.

♪ Open up the limit ♪

(cheering)

♪ Past the point of no return ♪

♪ Reached the top, but still you gotta learn ♪

♪ How to keep it ♪

(pins clattering)

Uh-oh! I think we're about to see it! (Laughs)

Dylan: There they are. Here come the finger guns!

(Gary laughs)

♪ Like a bat outta hell, you could crash the gates ♪

♪ ♪

♪ Crash the gates! ♪

♪ Going for the back of beyond ♪

♪ Nothing gonna stop you, there's nothing that strong ♪

♪ So close now, you're nearly at the brink ♪

Let's go!

Knocking down those pins with ease.

Wow. Wow. What is he doing?

Wait. Wait a second.

(sword blade scraping, air slicing)

Wow. Okay. Wade. (Laughs)

(song continues)

♪ Welcome to the limit ♪

(pins clattering)

♪ Yeah ♪

♪ Take it, baby, one step more ♪

♪ The power game's still playing ♪

♪ So you better win it ♪

♪ ♪

(pins clattering)

(laughing)

Wonder where you learned that.

I learned from the best!

(*chuckles*)

(*gunshot*)

(*shoots bow, arrow thumps*)

(*mouths*)

(*pins clattering*)

♪ ♪

(*crowd groans*)

♪ *Push it to the limit, limit!* ♪

♪ *No one left to stand in your way* ♪

♪ *You might get careless...* ♪

Come on, Wade! Be better than you are!

♪ *Livin'* ♪

(*pins clattering*)

Yes!

Yes!

♪ *Limit* ♪

♪ *Don't look down, just keep your head* ♪

Yeah! Wow!

Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! (*Laughs*)

To be in that crowd.

(*crowd cheering*)

♪ *Welcome to the limit* ♪

(*dramatic thud*)

Dylan: And there you have it.

(*song fades out*)

What an amazing day for bowling! We'll be back tomorrow with the finals.

And, uh, well, that's... that's basically it.

The birds and the bees.

To be honest, I'm a bit surprised you didn't know about all this yet.

To tell you the truth, I-I know all about it.

I just always wanted to have "the talk." (*laughs*)

Oh.

Ah, ha, yes.

This has been so nice spending time with you, Dad, but if you think buttering me up like this is gonna let you beat me in the finals, think again, pal.

You're a Whipple, dear boy.

I expect you to give it your all.

(*chuckles*)

Pistol Pete?

Would it be alright if we got your autograph?

Oh, I'm so sorry.

Not when I'm with family.

Sorry. Thank you.

(*walking away*)

Wade: Hey, um, speaking of family...

Could I ask you o-one question?

Sure. Shoot.

Why did you leave?

(*heartfelt music playing*)

(*sighs*) I left because I was searching for something.

And, uh...

I thought the only place I could find it was, uh, on the lanes.

But now, I know the place I should've been looking all along was at home. With you.

I messed up, son.

Made mistakes. Big ones.

But I want you to know that, uh, despite how it might seem, I-I never forgot you.

(*rustling*)

Ever.

♪ ♪

What's this?

(*laughs*)

"Wadejammerz '95." "Wadejammerz '96."

"Wadejammerz '97."

My mixes. You got 'em.

I got them all.

I just never had the damn courage to write you back.

Because I'm a coward.

A total schmuck.

You're not a schmuck.

You're my dad.

(*soft music playing*)

(*emotional sigh*)

I'm so sorry, son.

It's okay.

I forgive you, Dad.

Pete: You know what? This has been nice.

Would you like to see my suite?

(*sighs*) Would I ever!

They got me staying in some kinda janitor's closet.

Okay, well, why don't you come by my suite later, and we can catch up some more? How's that sound?

That'd be amazing! (*Laughs*)

Good.

Good. (*Laughs*)

Dad.

(*soft music playing*)

(*sighs*)

(*knocking*)

(*Wade*)

(*muffled*) One second!

Easy on the snacks, pal. That costs, like, 15 bucks a bag.

Hey, darling.

Hi, Mom! What's going on?

I brought you something. (*Laughs*)

My old ball!

Oh, I thought you might like it.

Aw, that's so nice, Mom.

Oh, good. Good.

(*clears throat*) Th-There is...

There's something else.

(*weak laugh*) This is hard for me.

Um...

I saw you today with your father, and I noticed this look in your eyes, and...

(*soft music playing*)

Wade, it wasn't easy for me when he left.

It wasn't easy for any of us, and...

We bounced around from place to place, and I took any job that would have me, and...

But, in the end, I think we worked it out.

Made a home for the family, and...

Sometimes I used to say to myself what he did, leaving us, leaving you, wasn't that bad. Wasn't his fault.

But it was.

It was his fault. And it was bad.

He hurt me, Wade.

He hurt you.

And when I saw that look in your eye today, I got worried.

I got worried he was gonna hurt us again.

Look...

Mom, I know that you and Dad have a complicated relationship, but that's your relationship.

Dad and I are still figuring ours out.

Wade...

No, I get it if you don't want him in your life, but I might want him in mine.

♪ ♪

You can't take that from me.

Darling just be careful.

Your father's great at convincing people to love him.

And that's usually when he decides to leave.

Good luck out there.

(*heartfelt music playing*)

(*door opens*)

(*door shuts*)

(*elevator closes*)

Hold the door, please!

(*bangs, rumbling*)

Thank you.

(*tense music playing*)

What floor?

Oh, five. Thanks.

(*tense crescendo*)

(*elevator dings*)

(*upbeat music playing*)

Dad?

Pete: Mm. Come in, dear boy.

What is this place? Is this like a second sky lobby or something?

(*elevator shuts*)

Well, actually, it's my lobby.

Welcome to my penthouse.

(*tea cup clinking*)

Wow!

It's incredible!

And for a professional bowler, it is humbly decorated!

ho! Gold everywhere! So sensible.

(*clinks*)

Wait a minute.

That's a private balcony?!

(*music swells*)

(*gasps*)

The prettiest skyline in the universe.

🔍 [Reno](#), Nevada.

(*sighs*)

Dad! Do you realize how opulent it is to have a fireplace in such a generally temperate climate in Nevada?

(*chuckles*) Yes.

Wow.

Bowling has really done well for you.

Well...

I do alright.

(*scoffs*)

Would you, uh, would you care to see the master suite?

Uh, yeah!

(*laughs*)

(*haughty chuckle*)

This way.

Full disclosure, I have never been in a hotel room where someone needed to utter the phrase "this way."

(*giggles*)

Mm.

Listen, Wade. (*Clears throat*)

I am sorry.

Oh, yeah.

Don't worry. We talked about it. It's okay.

No, no.

Not for that.

(*music turns dissonant*)

For this...

(*ominous music playing*)

Wade...

Mom.

Willoughby: Hello, Whipple.

Long time no see.

What's up, Wade?

What's up, dude.

Looks like you got yourself into a little dilemma, doesn't it?

Wade.

Dude, the perimeter has been breached.

Okay? Now, bro, that is FBI speak.

It means they've gone too far.

I know what it means!

Okay, well. (*Scoffs*)

Dad, you gave me up.

How could you?

Just like when you abandoned me at that TJ Maxx.

Except this is a billion times worse.

Yes, I know, and I am so frightfully sorry, dear boy, but please know that betraying you again was one of the hardest things I've ever had to do in my life. Truly.

You know, you have done some pretty terrible, terrible things in your life, but this is on another level.

Bravo.

Gwendolyn.

(*mocking*) Peter.

And where'd you pick up that phony posh accent?

You're from Slough.

You know, this is just like you, not to take me seriously.

(*scoffs*)

You've never supported me. Not fully.

Oh, oh, really? Oh, God.

You are such a psycho schmuck!

Children, (*clears throat*) listen.

Despite all that's happened, I want you to know that I-I love you both, and I would do absolutely anything for you.

Oh! I'm gonna vomit.

Just so you know, he didn't resist much.

We barely had to threaten the dude.

And these two, kidnaping him was his idea.

Hey, Dad?

You suck.

Like, so hard.

Dad, why?

Look, Wade.

Here's the deal.

There's only one Whipple that matters in the greater [Reno](#) area and I'm afraid it's not you, dear boy.

So I suggest you withdraw from the tournament, give these folks your big, furry, red friend, or I'm afraid I-I won't be able to stop them doing some rather nasty things to people you care about.

Willoughby: Hm...

And the first to go will be your precious sister.

Oh... no.

(*gun whirring*)

Mm-mmm!

(*dramatic crescendo*)

I'm okay with that.

Wade!

Do whatever you gotta do to her.

Are you kidding me right now?

Man, she's got a blaster...

I'm not joking...

Willoughby: Okay, fine!

Wade: No no no no no!

(*tense music playing*)

Not my mom!

Then, bring Knuckles back to this suite quietly.

announcer on TV: *Próximamente en el Canal en Español de [Reno](#)... "La Ultima Passion."*

Ooh...

(*Willoughby*)

(*on phone*) *Make it quick, Whipple.*

Okay. Uh, I'm at the room.

Willoughby: *Good.*

Now, keep your phone on, so we can hear every word that comes out of your mouth.

And Wade? If you try anything, you know what happens next.

Hey, buddy!

Wade. You've returned.

(*door shuts*)

How goes the fatherly reunion?

So good. Great, actually.

Um, in fact, I wanna take you upstairs to look at something in his suite.

It's... Well, it's a surprise.

A surprise? For me?!

What is it? Fresh Wade Jams?

Another Julia Roberts classic?

An enormous cauldron of Wendy matz-ball of soup?

(*weak sigh*)

Those are all great things.

This is not that. (*Laughs*)

It's something I think... I think you should see.

I shall wear my finest hat.

Sure.

Put on an adorable hat.

(*footsteps approach*)

(*sighs*)

(*sighs*)

(*doors rumble*)

Yeah.

Oh! Pfft.

(*claps*)

Shucks and darn it.

(*laughs*)

I left my name tag in the room, and I'm gonna need that for the tournament finals.

So why don't you head up to my dad's room and I'll meet you there?

Are you sure?

Yeah. Yeah.

I'm totally sure. I'll go grab the stuff, you go to the penthouse, take me two seconds.

(blasters whir)

Very well. I shall see you soon, my friend.

(doors rumble)

(heavy thud)

(sighs)

It's done.

Knuckles is headed your way.

♪ ♪

("The Story Of My Old Man" by Good Charlotte playing)

♪ *I don't know too much about too much of my old man* ♪
♪ *I know he walked right out the door* ♪
♪ *We never saw him again* ♪
♪ *This is the story of my old man* ♪
♪ *Just like his father before him* ♪
♪ *I'm telling you, do anything you can* ♪
♪ *So, you don't end up just like him* ♪
♪ *Like him* ♪
♪ *I remember baseball games and working on the car* ♪
♪ *He told me that he loved me and that I would go far* ♪
♪ *He showed me how to work hard and stick up for myself* ♪

(song fades out)

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